

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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### MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, whose likeness we offer our readers from the only known photograph in existence, has thus far been the most prominent volunteer officer since the President's proclamation of April 15. His energy, activity, and perseverance in opening a way of communication with Washington, at a time when the capital seemed cut off by events at Baltimore, have been well known to the public, and have won from the Administration the highest encomiums.

Mr. Butler was born at Deerfield, Rockingham County, New Hampshire, in 1818, and is consequently forty-three years old. One of his ancestors was a Gilley—one of the truest Revolutionary stock in New England—and the subject of this biography was related to the lamented Jonathan Cilley, who was killed in the duel with Graves in Kentucky. Mr. Butler received his collegiate education at Waterville, Maine, where the Baptist denomination have a flourishing literary institution. He studied law, and took up his residence at Lowell, Massachusetts, where he soon distinguished himself as an advocate in the courts of Middlesex County. His reputation was soon extended to Boston, and he has long held a prominent position in the Massachusetts bar, whether in the courts of the State or of the General Government. As an advocate he is distinguished by the energy with which he devoted himself to his client, and by the strong, playful, and sometimes vehement language hurled against opposing counsel. Many anecdotes are told of him in Massachusetts illustrating what we have said. His forte is in the *trial* of cases. It is said that he has tried more jury cases for the last ten years than any other lawyer in the United States.

But aside from the law, he has on more than one occasion manifested coolness and intrepidity under trying circumstances. As an instance of this we may mention the memorable incident which took place in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1860. It was during the Presidential contest, and Hon. Rufus Choate had been invited to address the Conservative citizens. The largest hall of the city was crowded to excess. The audience was wild with enthusiasm, as the brilliant orator swayed them by his eloquence; but, in the midst of the applause, a jar was felt, a crash was heard, and every face save one turned pale as the cry went forth, "The floor is sinking!" The man whose cheek knew no pallor was General Butler. He sprang up and calmed the fears of the multitude by telling them that he did not apprehend the least danger; that the architect was present; but to allay any misgiving he would go with the architect and examine the building.—An immediate investigation showed that the

edifice was in the greatest possible danger, and a sudden movement, a rush on the part of the assembly, would result in the slaughter of thousands. Forgetful of himself, he bravely pushed through the dense crowd. He did not shrink—he showed no marks of trepidation—but with a bland countenance whispered a few apparently pleasant and assuring words to Mr. Choate. Mr. Butler then turned to the audience, and, in a calm, clear voice, remarked: "My friends, there is no present danger; but as the house is overcrowded, it will be better to quietly adjourn to the open air; and I therefore invite you to the front of the Merrimack House." The whole thing was accomplished in a few moments. It was only by Mr. Butler's self-

possession that the catastrophe was avoided. On this occasion he showed more cool courage than any battle will ever call into requisition. In the life of Mr. Choate we find what the words were that blandly fell, *ad hoc*, from Mr. Butler, viz., "Mr. Choate, I must clear this house, or we shall all be in h-l in five minutes!"

He has always been a prominent politician of the extreme wing of the Democracy, and has been in a number of political positions in his adopted State. He was member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for the first time in 1853, was a member of the Constitutional Convention the same year, and was Senator for Middlesex in 1859-'60. In May, 1860, he was sena-

torial delegate to the Democratic Convention in Charleston, and afterward at Baltimore. He sided with the Breckinridge faction, and upon his return home was nominated by that portion the Democratic party candidate for Governor. He was one of the first to respond to the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for volunteers, and his subsequent services have made him, as a patriotic and as an energetic officer, dear to the loyal people of the United States.

We have heard it stated that Mr. Butler was a single man; but this is a mistake, for a number of years ago he married a daughter of Dr. Hildreth, of Lowell, and has a family of children.

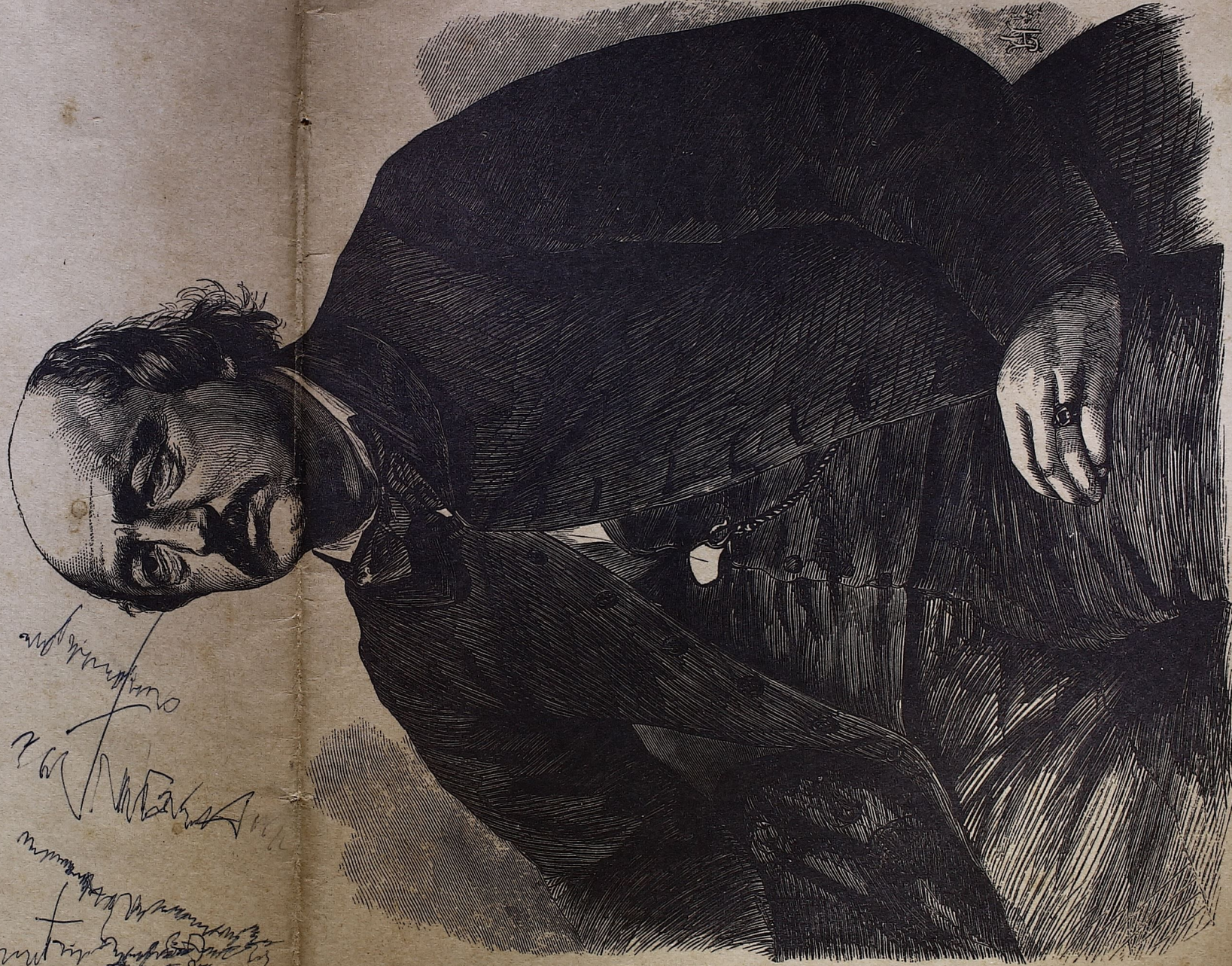
The correspondent of the  *Herald*, under date of May 15, thus described the performance of General Butler in the war now begun:

"General Butler, with a single Massachusetts regiment, the Eighth, marched from his own State, through six other States, and into Maryland, embarked on board a steamer, and landed in what was then considered the enemy's country, and took possession of Annapolis and held it.

"The War Department, appreciating this bold movement, immediately created the new Department of Annapolis, which extended to within seven miles of the Federal capital, and also on the east included Baltimore city, and made Gen. Butler commander of the same. He proceeded to reconstruct locomotives, build bridges, and make railroads. He pushes on toward Baltimore, fortifies himself at the Relay House with the Sixth Massachusetts and Eighth New York regiments, and Cook's Boston Battery, controlling the great channel of communication between the rebels at Harper's Ferry and those in Baltimore. He sends out his scouts, seizes the famous steam-gun and turns it upon the enemy; and, with the same Massachusetts regiment that the rebels of Baltimore stoned three weeks previous, accompanied by Cook's Boston Battery and the New York Eighth, he marches into Baltimore, fortifies himself upon the highest point of land overlooking the whole city, issues his proclamation giving protection to all loyalists, and announcing his ultimatum to all traitors, seizes arms, arrests traitors, and marches through the streets escorted by the single company of the gallant Massachusetts Sixth, which received the severest treatment from the mob three weeks before. He does all this before the Pennsylvania troops that were at Cockeysville, within 15 miles of Baltimore three weeks ago, reach the city or afford him any support.

This is history; and truly Gen. Butler has made a brilliant campaign.

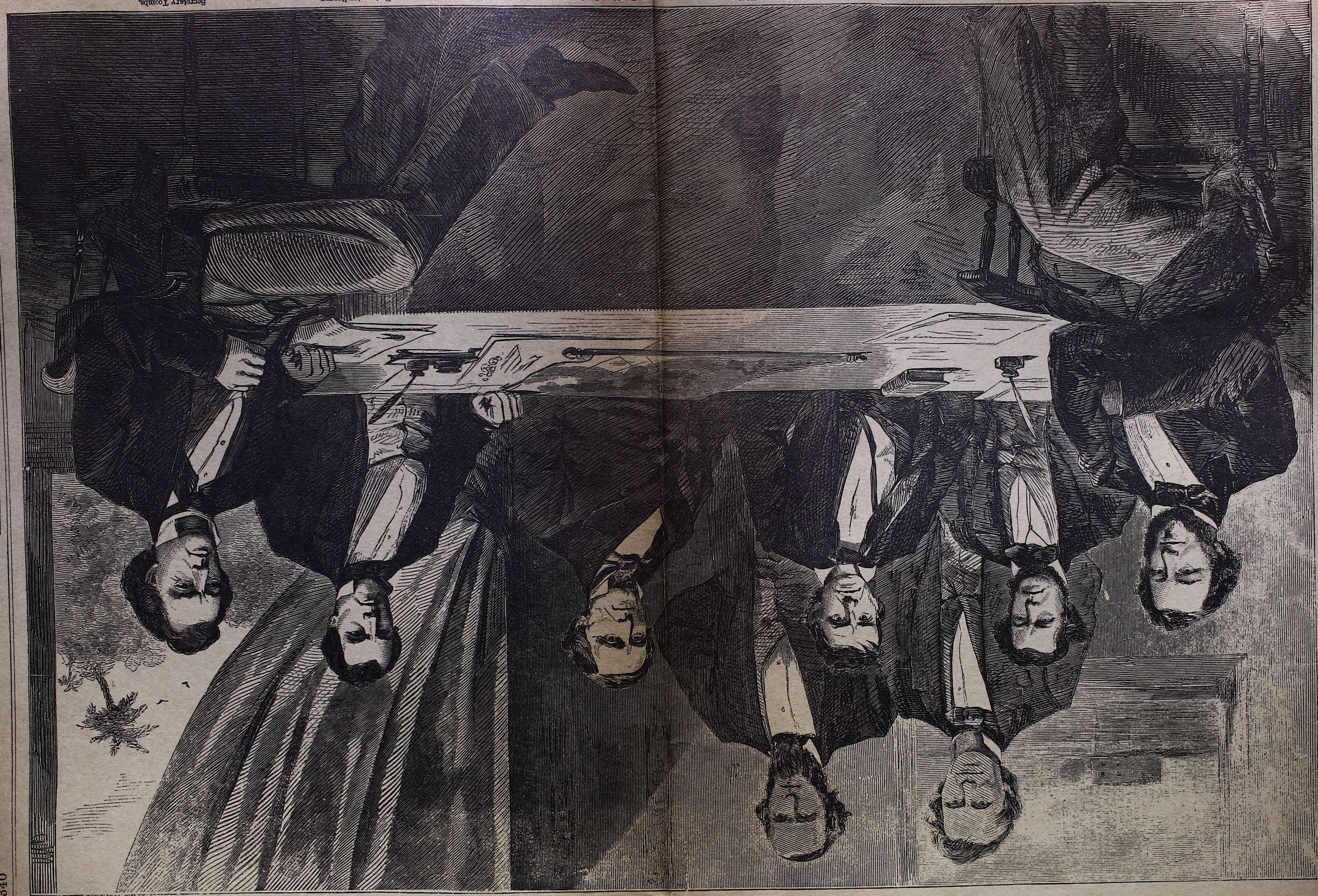
"The President, the Secretary of War, General Scott, all appreciate the man, and acknowledge the services which he and the officers and men under him have rendered, and this very day



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. H. LOOMIS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]







Attorney-General Benjamin. Secretary Mallory. Secretary Memminger. Vice-President Stephens. Secretary Walker. President Davis. Postmaster Reagan. Secretary Tomba. THE CABINET OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES AT MONTGOMERY.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITEHURST, OF WASHINGTON, AND HINTON, OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



LUTHER C. LADD, A MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER, KILLED AT BALTIMORE, APRIL 19, 1861.

THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE WAR.

We publish herewith, from a photograph kindly sent us from Lowell, a PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. LADD, who was murdered by the rowdies of Baltimore, on his passage through that city, on 19th April. Our correspondent writes us:

Luther Crawford Ladd was born in Alexandria, New Hampshire, and on the 22d of last December was seventeen years of age. When the option came to the City Guards, giving as a reason for choosing this company that he thought it the most likely to be called out; and when the orders came for marching his friends urged him not to go, but his reply was, "I shall go for my stars and stripes any way," and with a brave heart he left his mother's arms, and was a member of the first company of young men, his said that he was a lover of historical readings, and was well posted in our national affairs.

Hoping that the enclosed will be of some use to you, I remain, your humble servant,

CHARLES A. KIMBALL.

OUR SOUTHERN PICTURES.

We publish this week, from sketches by our artist who is traveling with W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D., Barrister at Law, Correspondent of the *London Times*, three pictures of Montgomery, Alabama, and a couple of Fort Pulaski, Georgia, which possess remarkable interest at the present time. Our artist writes us as follows respecting them:

It was about noon on May-day when we embarked in the charming Florida steamer, *Tallahatchee*, under the guidance of her veteran commander the gallant "Commodore" Tatnall, whom a sense of duty to his native State has severed from the flag to which his bravery has added more than a blaze of glory.

We were attended by a suite of officers and an escort of cavalry, and the former almost beardless youths of Annapolis, or Midshipmen of a year's cruise. We passed down between banks clad in reeds, the fringe of the parapets within which the coy and sprouting rice now and then showed its head, and the river gods. We had hardly scored three leagues when the word was passed to anchor, and the ship, which had been lying at anchor, was moved by a muffled drum, and the anchor dropped within a short pull of Fort Pulaski, when we were towed ashore, landed at the wharf, and made our way to this admirable defense of the "Queen of Georgia Waters," of which the accompanying sketch will no doubt be of interest.

It was even a more striking contrast to the dilapidated and dismantled glories of Sumter than a wedding is to a wake. Several hundred newly-gathered recruits, under the guidance of officers recently of the United States Army, were learning the noble art of war and fortification. The fort, being tenanted by but a company's guard, was not prepared to receive more than two sides of the ramparts, and lent a picturesque and holiday costume to the scene, at variance with the martial preparations progressing on the sea-wall and in the casemates beneath.

When the Georgian troops took possession of Pulaski not a gun was mounted in barbette battery of heavy guns from Virginia and other States, and have mounted them in numbers all around the parapet upon carriages of yellow pine—which are large and strong as one could wish. I am told that this wood, so plentiful here, has never before been adapted to this use, and the casemates were all in order, three Columbiads.

The guns on *barbette*, being eight and ten inch Columbiads, are all named. The appellations of a few of which I give you: "Beauregard," "Sumter," "Tatnall," "Lawton," "Lane," "Wicks," "Cuthbert," and others. One of a sketch of all at the moment Mr. Russell (*London Times*) was taking with his practiced eye the range of the place. "This wall pointed," said he (it being directed toward the outer channel). The Commodore expressed his determination, in event of an attack, to point his monster *Vespers* New York gun, and to point his monster *Vespers* New York gun, and to point his monster *Vespers* New York gun.

Many of my old friends, who have served nearly their term at West Point—some with marked distinction for ability—are here upon duty. A son of General Lane has command of General Columbus Wicks, and a son of General Wicks has command of General Columbus Wicks, and a son of General Wicks has command of General Columbus Wicks.

to one of the finest forts in the country. It is situated on the summit of a hill, and is the most perfect state of defense.

We returned to Savannah in the cool of the evening, enjoying *en route* the glories of a Southern sunset, and the beauty of the sea to her anchorage—within a couple of cables' length of the yacht *Camilla* (*American*), of which Captain Decri is now the fortunate possessor. The yacht is a beautiful one, and so pleasantly a point of day had come to a close.

A word on *possessors* of the *Camilla*. The Captain is a gentleman of independent fortune, with a most charming family, and is well known to his countrymen. He is a native of the State, and has been in the country in the yacht in like a manner as one can well conceive of. During a recent cruise in the Cape de Verde Sea, he was within the distance of seven hundred miles in two days, thus more than retrieving the laurels she lost while in the hands of Commodore Steward.

At the Plymouth last fall, which emboldened her present proprietor to challenge all England for a sail, without finding a competitor. The pride of our yacht marine had been offered to go to decay. But ships, unlike mortals, can have their skeletons clothed in the new beauty of line and strength of skin; and the "Franklin" is a fine example of this.

Leaving Savannah, we journeyed on to Montgomery, which place just now is the headquarters of the staff of the Confederate States of America.

The meetings of Congress are held with closed doors at present, as many subjects of importance must be discussed without fear of what may be said being sent all over the country during the next hour.

Yesterday (the 17th), which was largely attended by the many good people of this city. Among the strangers Mr. Russell, Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York, and Captain Decri were received with marked attention.

I send a sketch of the city (Montgomery), from the opposite bank of the Alabama River, which at this place is perhaps an eighth of a mile in width. The Capitol edifice, between our and the miles per object of the landscape, and commands a graceful and extensive prospect of the fertile and wooded scene beneath. I have had a number of pleasant rambles into the neighboring country, which is exceedingly rich and well cultivated. I am told that more than a third of the land last year planted with cotton is now in use for the culture of corn, grain, and other crops.

The wheat will be ready for harvest in a fortnight. Strawberries are nearly gone, and the blackberries are to be had in great abundance. The President is busily engaged, and I am told works eighteen of the twenty-four hours; yet he looks, as usual, in good health. The hotels, when we arrived, were crowded to excess, but the gentlemen who are here are much alike in their never being full? The Exchange is the hotel of the city—the others being one-horse, and in some cases not that.

To-morrow we shall be *en route* for New Orleans. I must not omit to mention the recruiting with file and drum. One day of my sojourn at this place was noisy with the drum and the music of the band, and the persuasive whistle of the fife and the trumpet.

length with these appeals to which I could not respond, I revenged myself for the annoyance by transferring to paper the instruments of torture *sensu* substance.

The truculent darter in the centre, the punisher of the huge base-drum, I fear will some day become so exasperated with not being able to accomplish his purpose (beat the object by the side of a house, and making a rush and butt, disappear. When this is to be done I am to be forewarned, when I will forward sketches immediately.

THOS. R. DAVIS.

THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE.

We mentioned in our last number that Baltimore had been occupied by the United States forces under General Butler, of the Massachusetts Volunteers. We now publish on pages 844 and 345, from a photograph by Mr. Weaver, of Baltimore, a picture of the ENCAMPMENT OF GENERAL BUTLER'S CORPS OF ARMY ON FEDERAL HILL, which the troops occupied on 13th inst., having marched through part of the city of Baltimore to that point without molestation. Our artist writes us as follows concerning his picture:

Baltimore, May 15, 1861.

I enclose photograph of Encampment of United States troops under command of General Butler on Federal Hill, opposite Baltimore City, or just across the Basin. General Butler left the Relay House with 1500 men, and reached here on evening of 13th, and the picture gives them as on the 14th inst. This place of encampment is much higher than the city, and the picture is taken from the city side, and a fine view down the river on the city side. The hill is almost perpendicular, and some 75 to 200 feet in height. You will perceive the hill is a peninsula, which runs down to Fort M'Henry, which is about one mile below.

PARSON BROWNLOW, OF TENNESSEE.

We publish herewith a portrait of the famous Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, who is now, with Senator Andrew Johnson, the leading champion of the Union in that State. The following sketch of Mr. Brownlow's life has been prepared for us by a friend of his.

William G. Brownlow was born in Wayne County, Virginia, August 5, 1802. His parents were poor, and died when he was about ten years old. They were both Virginians, and his father was a school-mate of General Houston, in Rockbridge County. After the death of his father, he lived with his mother's relations, and was placed to school until he was some eighteen years of age, when he served a regular apprenticeship to the trade of a house-carpenter.

His education was imperfect and irregular, even in those practical things in the common-schools of the country. He attended the common-schools for a few years, and then the session of the 11th Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and traveled ten years without interruption, and was a member of the General Conference held in Philadelphia. He was untiring in his energy, and availed himself of the advantages of the Methodist itinerancy to acquire a knowledge of his education, which he did in all the English branches.

Mr. Brownlow is about six feet high, and weighs about 175 pounds; has had as fine a constitution as any man ever had. He has no grey hairs in his head, and will pass for a man of thirty-five years. He has had the stroke of apoplexy in East Tennessee, where he has resided for the last thirty years, and he has an interesting family. He has been speaking all that time, and in all the controversies of the day. About eighteen months ago his voice failed from an attack of bronchitis, and he put himself under the care of Professor Horace Green, of New York, who performed an operation on his throat, which was successful, and he has since been able to speak well for the space of one hour's voice. He now speaks very well for the space of one hour's voice.

He is the author of several books; but the one which has had the largest run is one of over four hundred pages, being a vindication of the Methodist Church against the attacks of Rev. J. R. Graves, in Nashville. Brownlow's work was published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, in Nashville, and has sold 50,000 copies have been circulated in the South and West. It is a work of great circulation, but of marked ability.

In 1858 he was engaged in a debate upon the Slavery question, in Philadelphia, with the Rev. Mr. Prym, of New York, in which he defended the institution of Slavery with marked ability, exhibiting a familiar acquaintance with the subject, and a command of the English language, and some four hundred pages, for sale by J. R. Lippincott & Co.

He is known throughout the length and breadth of this land as the "Fighting Parson," but no man is more peaceable, or more highly esteemed by his neighbors. Few men are more charitable, and few of his means—for he is not so rich as he seems to be—has been put to any other use than to do good.

He is quite as efficient as he has been in his political career in Tennessee in 1833, by expounding the cause of John Quincy Adams as against Andrew Jackson. He has been all his life, as he still is, an ardent Whig, and Webster were his standards of political orthodoxy. He is a native of the State, and has been a political writer in Tennessee, and exerts a controlling influence in the politics of the State. He is a decided Union man, and battles with equal zeal and ability against the abolitionism of the North and the disunion heresy of the South. He is now the independent candidate for the Presidency in August. His friends are numerous and devoted to him, and his enemies are not a few in number, and very bitter.

THE CABINET AT MONTGOMERY.

We publish on page 340, from photographs made at Washington and at Montgomery, and forwarded to us by our correspondent Mr. Davis, now traveling at Law, Correspondent of the *London Times*, a group of portraits of the Cabinet at Montgomery.

The President and Vice-President, Messrs. Davis and Stephens, we have heretofore given; their portraits and biographies will be found at length in No. 217 of the *Weekly*. The following sketches will introduce the members of the Southern Cabinet to our readers:

ROBERT TOOMBS, SECRETARY OF STATE.

Hon. Robert Toombs was born in Wilkes county, Georgia, July 2, 1810. Commencing his collegiate life at the University of Georgia, he subsequently went North, and graduated at Union College, Schenectady, New York. In 1838 he served as a captain of volunteers in the Creek war. In the next year he was elected to the Legislature, and since that time has been constantly in public life as representative of Georgia. He has been active and potential in the cause of secession. He has been called to a post of great importance—one which will serve to display all his merits as a statesman.

C. S. MEMMINGER, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

There are few men in the South who are more competent, in point of ability and business capacity, to administer the Department of the Treasury under the Government of the Confederate States than Mr. Memminger. Possessed of a high order of intellect, a student, learned, and full of energy, and an accomplished advocate, he is eminently a man of facts and details.

LEROY POPE WALKER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

Hon. Leroy Pope Walker is a lawyer of Huntsville, Alabama, a native of that county (Madison), and about forty-five years of age. He is the eldest son of the late Major Walker, of the same county, and is a family distinguished for talent and influence. Two of his brothers, Hon. Perry Walker, who recently represented the Mobile District in Congress, and Hon. Judge Richard W. Walker, of Florence, are men of the Alabama delegation in the present Confederate Congress. Hon. L. P. Walker at one time practiced law in Alabama, and was for several sessions Speaker of the House of Representatives of that State. He has been a consistent Democrat of the South. For the last ten years he has been located in Huntsville, and has the reputation of being the leading lawyer, and, next to Clay, the leading Democrat of North Alabama. Careful in the preparation of his causes, and clear, concise, logical, and an untiringly presenting them before court, he is said to be an entirely successful advocate. For the last three years he has been conspicuous in his democratic and sovereign. In the Alabama Democratic Convention, which took ground against it, and sent a delegation to Charleston to carry out her instructed opposition, Mr. Walker's influence was marked. He was one of the dele- gates, and exerted himself in resisting the compromise offered.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The Hon. J. P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, Attorney-General, is distinguished as one of the profoundest jurists and most accomplished advocates in the country. He is of the old line of Whig class of State Rights politicians, and his recent speeches in the United States Senate won for him the admiration of the South. He could have been made Attorney-General of the Confederate States, which would be so generally esteemed appropriate.

STEPHEN M. MALLORY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy of the Confederate States, was for many years a Senator of the United States from Florida, and occupied the important post of Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. He took a very active part in the discussion of the naval armaments of war, and was largely instrumental in fortifying and improving the harbor of Pensacola—the best in the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Mallory's experience will be of service to the Confederate States should they ever have a navy.

JOHN H. REAGAN, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Mr. Reagan has never been prominent in national politics, though he served some years in Congress. His functions as Postmaster-General in the Confederate States have thus far been a sinecure, as the mails are still carried by the United States.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BIG GUNS.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

New York, April 11, 1861.

Is a recent issue you had an article on "Big Guns," in which you stated the one described was the largest in the world.

Please read the inclosed, and oblige

PAULINE HOWITZER.

"India was not behind in the weapons of war. The Damascus sword-blades of Googent, *Wood's steel*, are superior to any thing Europe can boast of, and *deemed so excellent in England* that they are used entirely for surgical instruments.

"Their cannon are the wonder of all who have seen them. The celebrated ones at Dacca, Moorshedabad, Agra, and Bujapore, were of fifteen, eighteen, twenty-three, and thirty inches' bore, weighing from eleven to forty tons, and throwing shot from four hundred-weight to a ton and a half!"—*IRELAND'S Wall Street to Cashmere*, p. 623.



WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW, OF TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SMILEY, OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.]

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOCIETY.—A JUVENILE PARTY, 3 TILL 7.



FROM three till seven does not describe the time of life of the company, but indicates the hours at which the party begins and ends.

Children nowadays are invited "out" very soon after they come into the world; and to say that youth and beauty at the age of three years is commonly seen at a juvenile party would be to give a very faint idea of the truth. Babies are invited; and in the horizontal or recumbent stage of their dear little existences, before they have reached the perpendicular and toddling period; and the consequence is, that portions of the company are carried into the assembly by processions of nursery-maids, in whose arms they repose, staring about with great intelligence but quite unconscious of the nature of the proceedings, and dressed in the height of the fashion—for their time of life—bliss them!

The little boys at first are shy and awkward, and eye one another with half curious, half pugnacious looks, uncertain whether to make friends or to plunge at once into violent personal encounters

and desperate trials of strength. The little girls are more dignified and self-possessed, but slightly overwhelmed with the extent and oppressed with a sense of the magnificence of their attire.

Of all living things, the wisest is surely a certain type of a little girl just before reaching the recognized age of reason, and a long way off from what are called years of discretion; she is so sensible, so sedate, so useful, so every thing that is proper; always thinking of others, never of herself; can direct, instruct, or advise any number of brothers, or manage the most complicated household affairs, and, in short, seems by instinct to belong to the governing classes. In humble life, she is seen in the street followed by a troop of youngsters, carrying in her arms the baby, who is a boy rather bigger than herself, and it is a fine sight to see how she manoeuvres the whole regiment of them over a dangerous crossing. Among the ladies, she is generally seen with her needle or her book, very quiet, a little apart from the hum of visitors in the drawing-room or the roar of nurseries up stairs. Common-sense and prudence are



A JUVENILE PARTY—3 TILL 7.

her most prominent characteristics; and in all affairs of life, my belief is she is qualified to give the very best advice. At the juvenile party she is seen enjoying herself in her steady way—dancing or playing, with a kind of sober merriment; an enemy to every thing rough or boisterous, and always keeping an eye on her younger brothers and sisters. What would mothers do without her, I wonder?

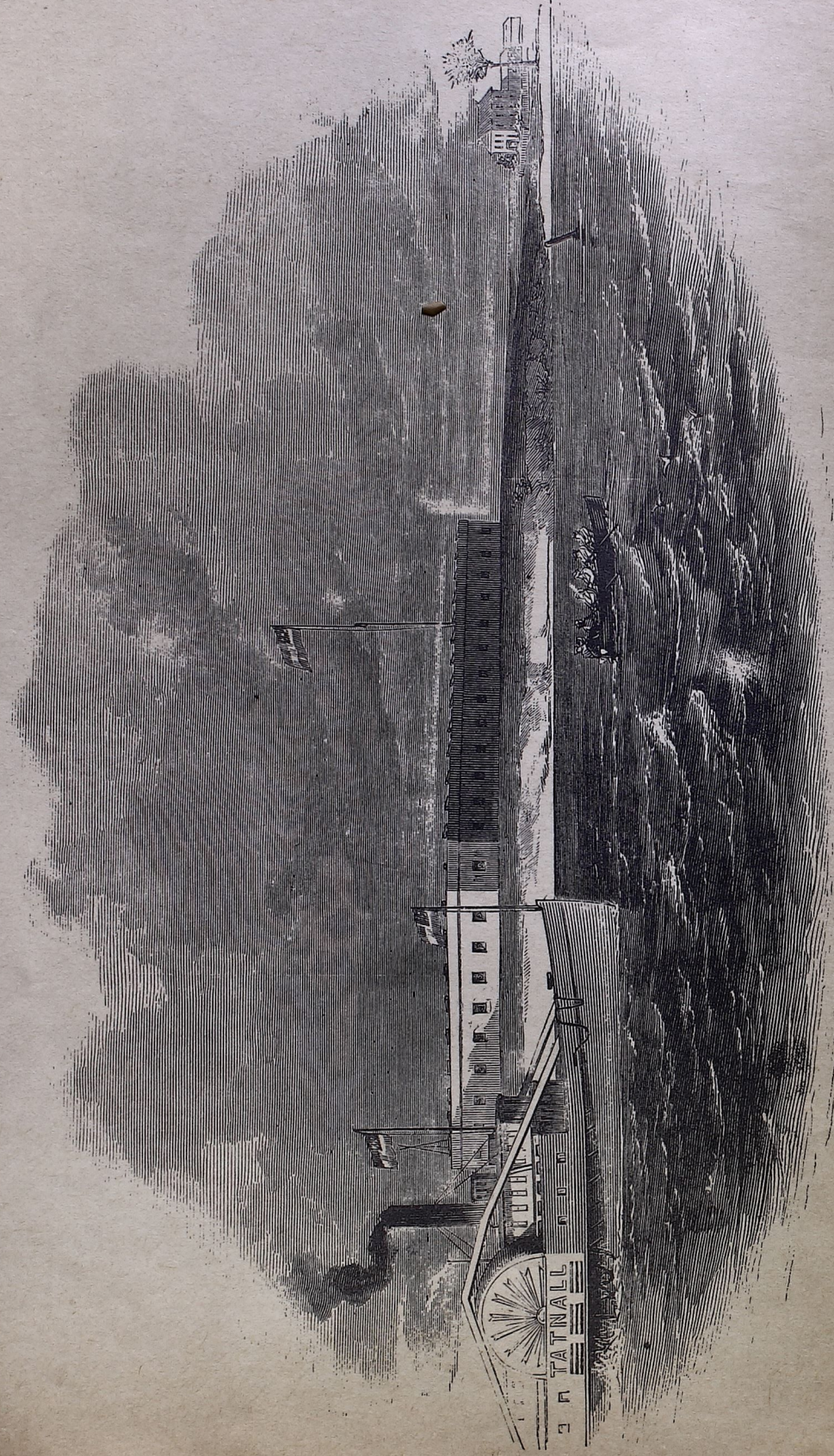
The accompanying drawing is designed to show a children's party at that advanced period of the entertainment when the stiffness and the coyness, and the pride and the pomp of the earlier part of the afternoon has given way, in most cases, to the high spirits and demonstrative behavior of the natural juvenile. The sports and pastimes are dancing, so to speak, and may be said to include (rooking) horse exercise, and music on the penny trumpet; besides playing at soldiers and Noah's ark (with all the latest improvements), fighting, flirtation, jack-in-the-box, and no end of other games, sentimental conversation, and sleep! And, oh! to think of the improvement in the manufacture of toys since the days when I played at Noah's ark! In what other direction has civilization progressed at such a rate as in that art which once upon a time represented the inhabitants of the ark with a uniform and artless simplicity—all the quadrupeds supported by four perfectly straight pieces of wood by way of legs, the body being a shapeless block, and every bird and beast, without exception, decorated on its outside with round spots of vermilion color of about the size of a sixpence. While now what a change! The most lovely lions, tigers, and giraffes; with coats of such a delightful duffy texture; their forms modelled with a pre-Raphaelite attention to detail; out-sides that might challenge the criticism of a Land-seer; the inside constructed, I have no doubt, on principles that would be approved by Prof. Owen.

As I have endeavored with my pencil to show a few of the varieties to be seen on these occasions, to attempt here any thing like a list or elaborate description of the company would be as a twice-told tale, and perhaps tedious. A very few "representative" juveniles may, however, be pointed out as certain to be found at every party, and among them the young lady who considers herself no longer a juvenile, is not yet "out," so just condescends to come, and conducts herself with great dignity, unbends so far as to dance with the little people, and is kind to "the children." There is the good-natured boy, whose great delight is dancing with all the smallest of the little ones, helping them through the intricate figures of a quadrille or country dance, or saving them from being swamped by impetuous waltzers of larger growths. It is pleasant to see him bent double in the endeavor to reach his partner, while that little fairy with an effort stretches forth her two hands to his, and dances away by means of a series of jumps, regardless of time, or space, or collisions with other couples, or bumpings up against the spectators. And the performance must be attended with dangers, the young idea being prone to shoot out its legs every way, for well do I remember how once on asking a little fellow, after a general engagement of this kind, how he liked it, his saying, "I enjoyed myself very much, but I am full of kicks." Then there is the proud puss who does not consider that either the family or years of the little boy who humbly asks if "he may have the pleasure," entitle him to that distinction, so is engaged, or not going to dance this time—a boy in a jacket, indeed! Somewhat similar things have happened at parties not juvenile; only in after-life it is not often want of years that is objected to in a partner. Then there is that good-for-nothing boy, who is so careless and slovenly in his dress, and so odd in his ways, and not like other boys, and does not care for play, and won't dance, can't learn easily, yet is fond of reading, and pores over books or a curious mechanical contrivance, in the most absurd way possible, for hours. He is like a fish out of water at a party, is considered rather a failure by his family and friends—and perhaps will some day turn out a great genius, and discover or invent something that will astonish or delight the world.

And there is the clever rude boy who makes faces, and is very funny, and plays practical jokes, and is the terror of the timid ones. And there is the mischievous young gentleman with the large organ of destructiveness, who has great natural gifts, of a kind that display themselves in the breaking of windows, taking toys to pieces, tearing his own and every body else's clothes, and upsetting every article sufficiently handy for the purpose that comes within his reach. For about three seconds after some great act of destruction he looks very penitent, but he instantly begins again, and fortunate is the party in which only one specimen of this genus is found.

But if some are troublesome and riotous, and others begin to display precocious symptoms of vanity, many others are charming in their looks and little ways, and perhaps the society and conversation of babies the most delightful of all. When I get over the first feeling of shyness in the presence of a strange infant, and when presuming so far as to venture to offer my hand find that it is not only taken but shaken, it is more gratifying than the notice of the finest lady in the land—of fashion. The process is this: you hold out a finger, the first, and it is instantly clutched by the whole four beautiful little chubby fingers and a thumb of the other party, which close tightly round your one finger with an intensity of friendliness and confidence rare in after-life, and which is accompanied by a look of such happiness, and so straightforward and honest, and unselfish, that the recollection of it is a joy forever afterward.

Emboldened by the feeling of intimacy thus established, one may sometimes go so far as to thrust a finger gently into the centre of its cheek (a very young baby may be called "i'it"); and if it is not offended by this familiarity, the whole face becomes dimpled over with the most beautiful smiles, the mouth, the eyes, the cheeks, the chin—the whole



FORT PULASKI, SAVANNAH RIVER, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TRAVELING WITH MR. RUSSELL.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

face becomes radiant with the brightest and most sunshiny laughter. At the same moment a sudden kick out of a little foot, in the direction of one's waistcoat, the baby being in the arms of a nurse of course, shows a natural jollity and disposition at that early age to poke people in the ribs. Then the month struggles into the position usually employed in whistling, but the result is more in the nature of crowing. I don't think it possible to express the sound by any combination of letters at my command, so won't attempt it. The conversation does not go much beyond this, and there may be some who would object to it on the ground of want of point; others I can fancy saying they were

for more variety, but to me it appears very expressive—as far as it goes; and if it is not very witty, or very learned, or particularly wise; on the other hand, there is no effort at display; it is not ill-natured, or self-sufficient, or pretentious, or vulgar, or silly; and I prefer it to much of the talk that is heard in "society."

Is reference to an article in our issue of May 11, we are reminded by many correspondents in Kentucky that the Banks of that State have not suspended. The Act authorizing their suspension has passed, but they have not yet availed them-

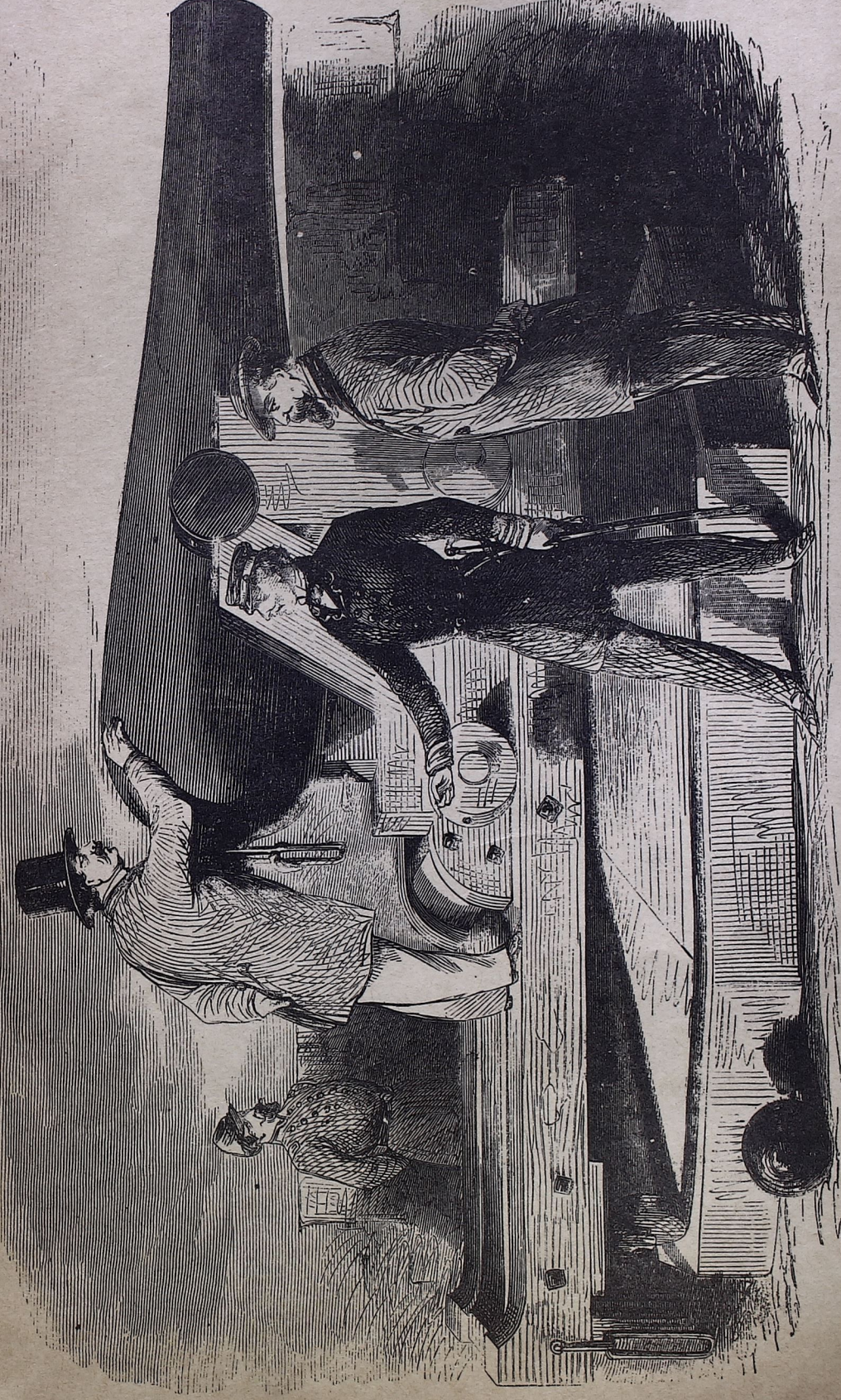
selves of it. Heretofore the Kentucky Banks have stood very well.

#### THE FIGHT AT BALTIMORE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Washington, D. C. April 20, 1861.  
Is a late issue of your valuable sheet, you are laboring under a mistake in making the statement that the Acton Company was engaged in the fight at Baltimore on the 19th inst. The whole of the Sixth regiment of the Massachusetts volunteer militia was not engaged in the fight. The only

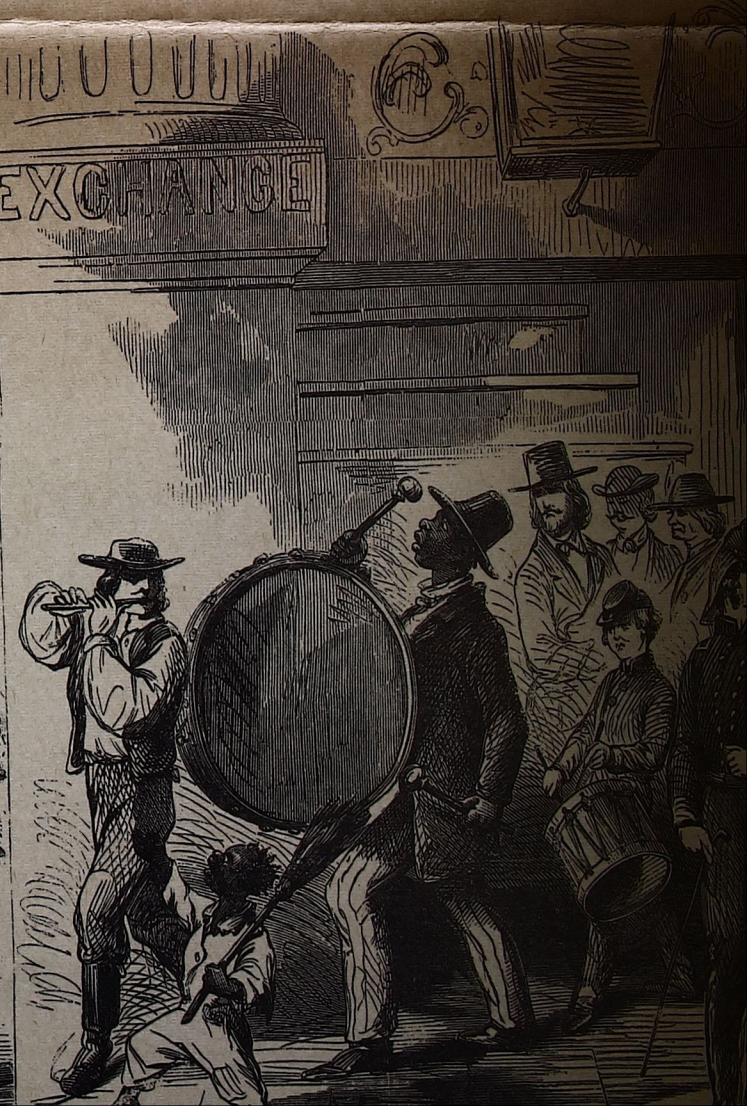
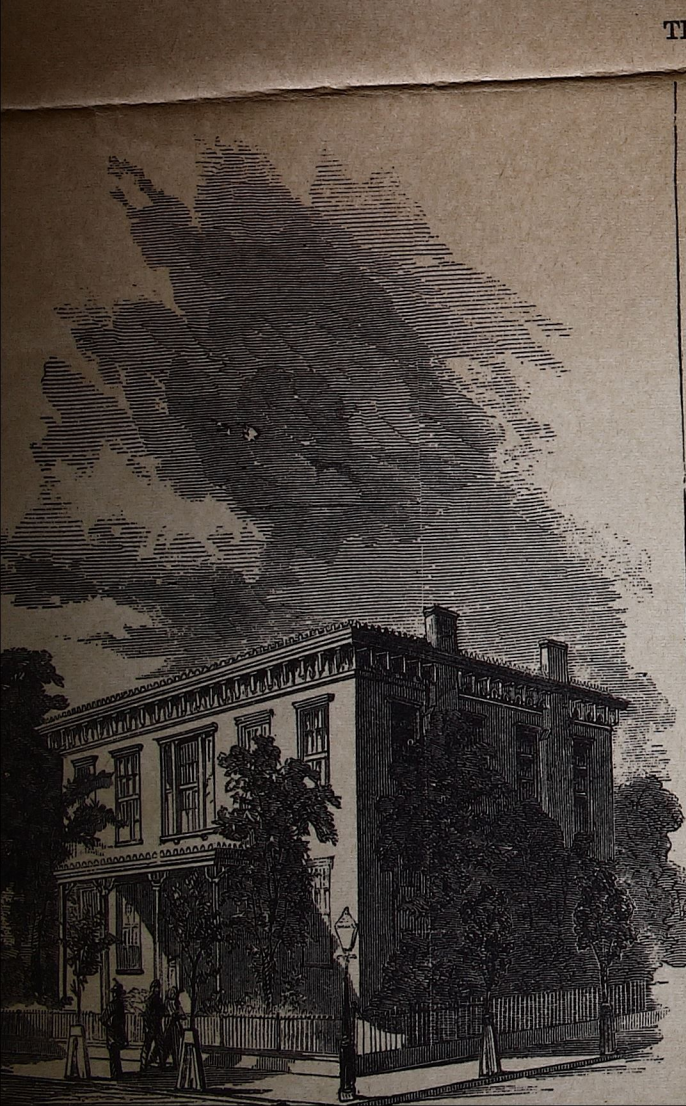
companies that participated in the fight were Company C, Mechanic Phalanx of Lowell, Company I, Light Infantry of Lawrence, Company D, City Guards of Lowell, and Company L, Light Infantry from Stoneham. There are eleven companies comprising the regiment; but seven of them, together with all the regimental officers, had passed through and a half from the opposite side of the city—a mile and a half from the fight; and in fact knew nothing of it until the four companies in question fought their way through the mob and rejoined them. This you may rely on as being a correct statement of the case.  
Yours, etc.  
C. P. L.



MR. RUSSELL, CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "TIMES," COM. TATNALL, MAJOR SMITH, AND MR. WARD INSPECTING THE 10-INCH COLUMBIAD AT FORT PULASKI.  
W. H. RUSSELL, ESQ., L.L.D.  
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TRAVELING WITH MR. RUSSELL.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

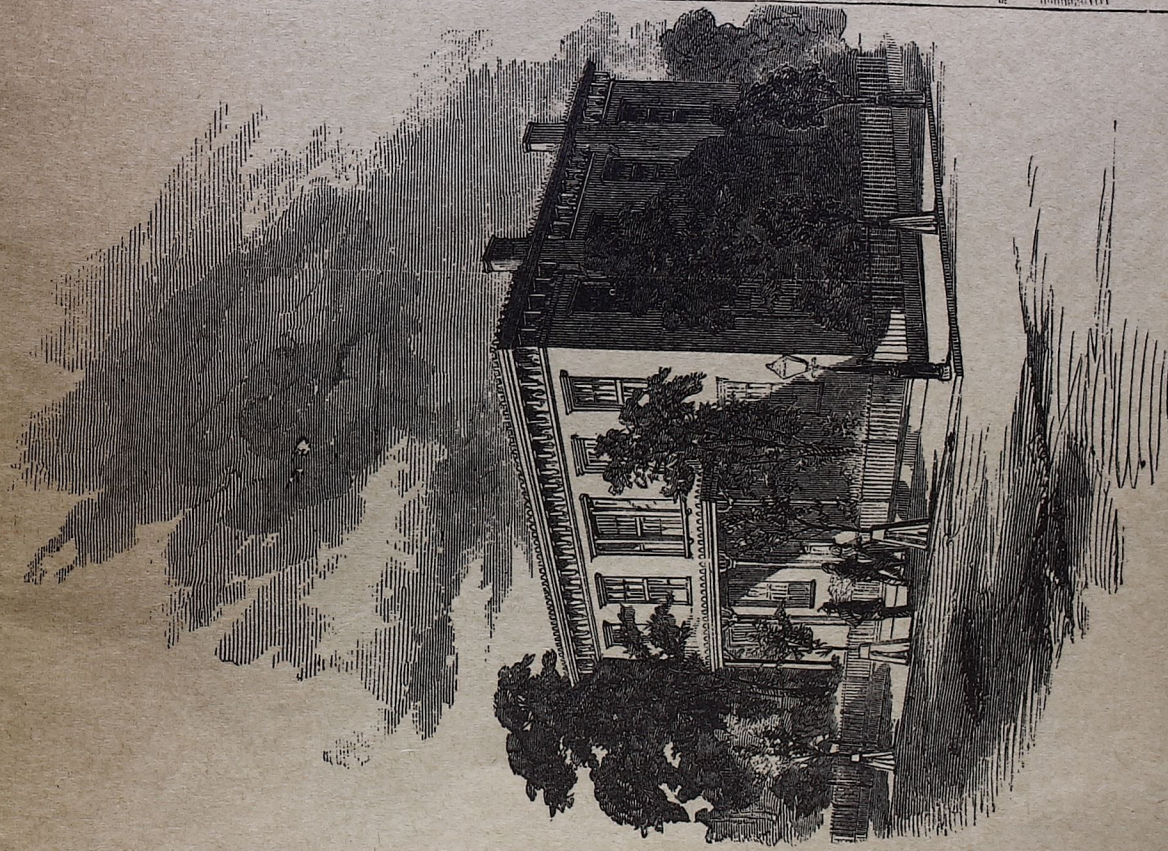


THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE—MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S ENCAMPMENT ON FEDERAL HILL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

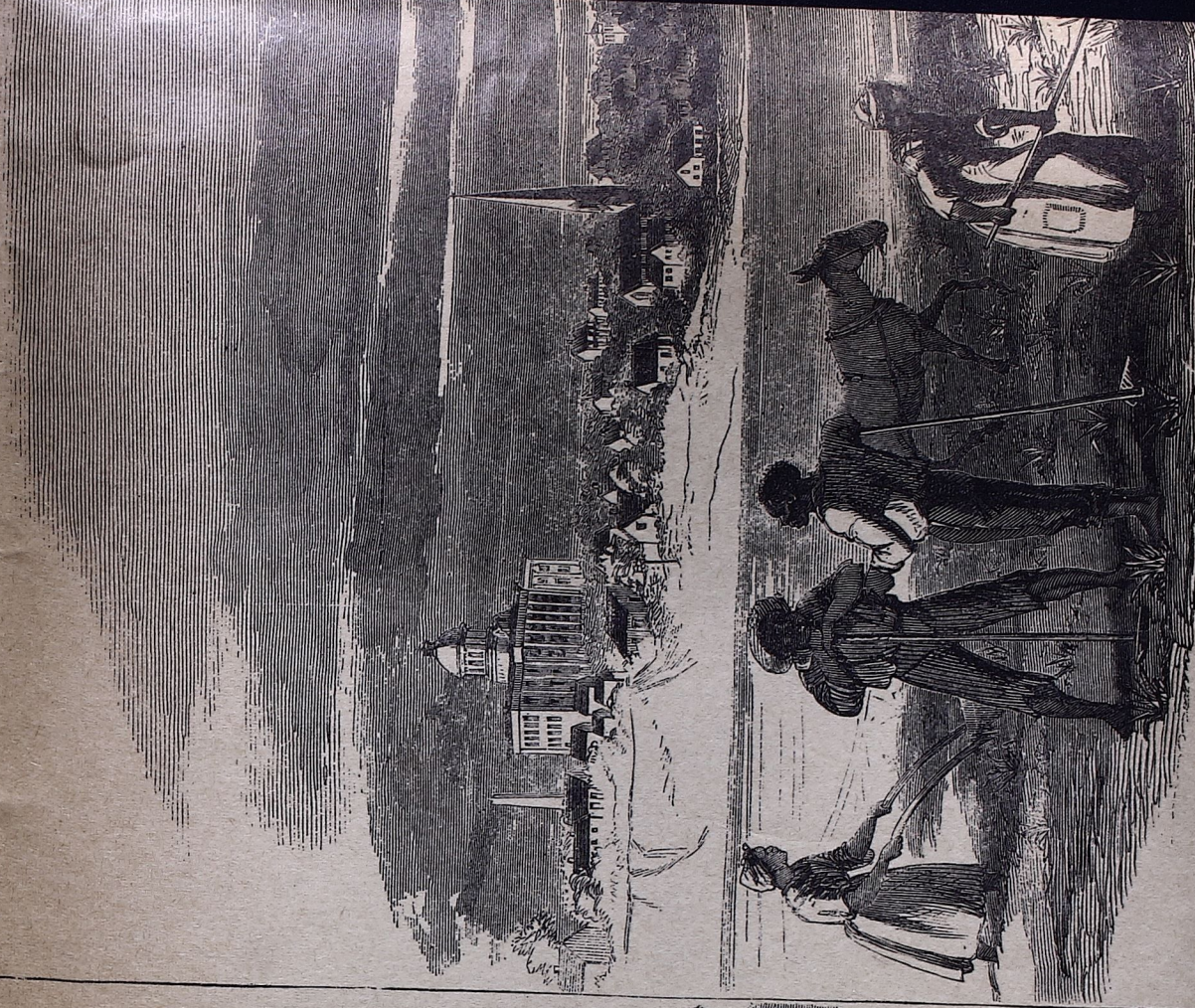




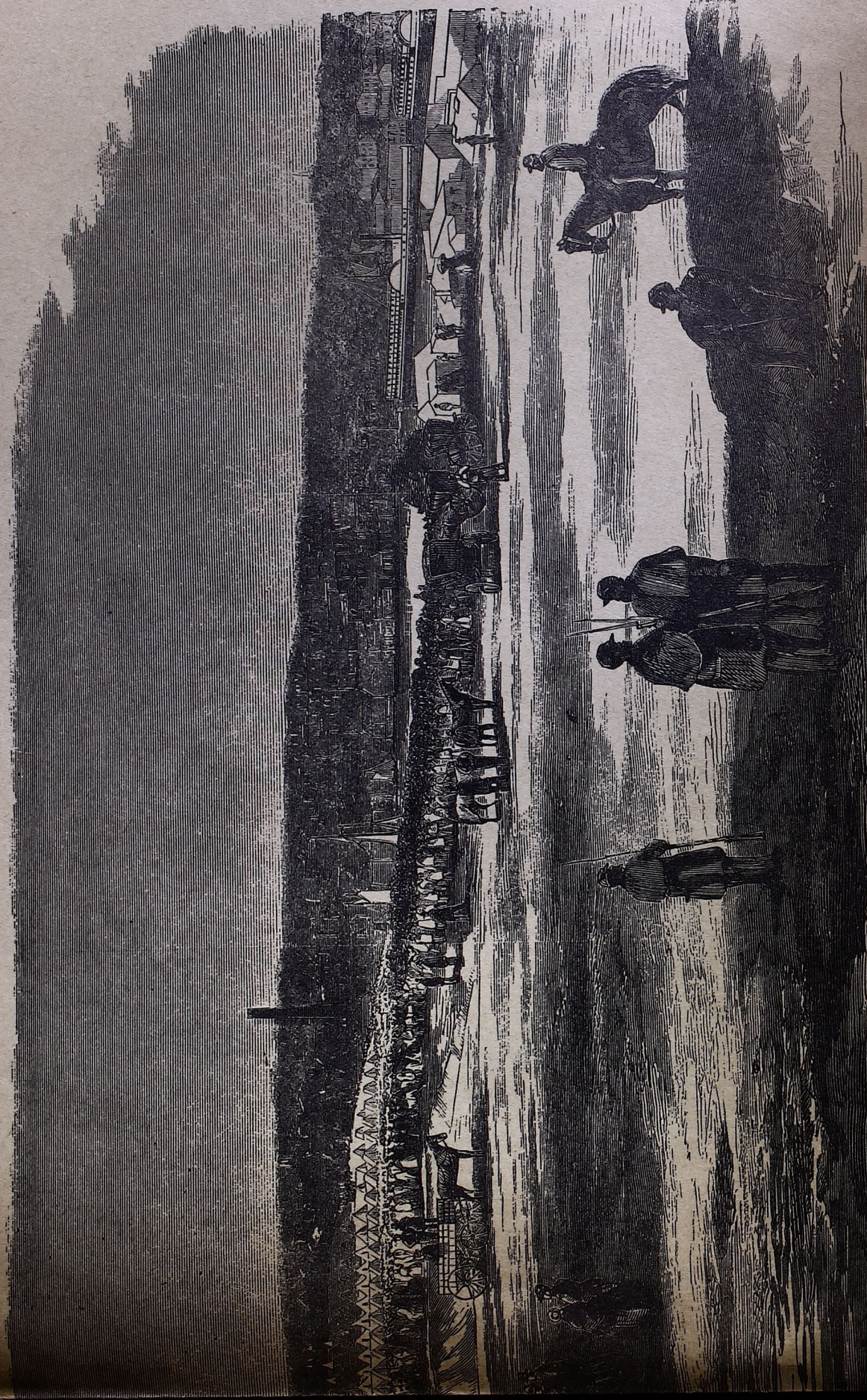
THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE—MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S



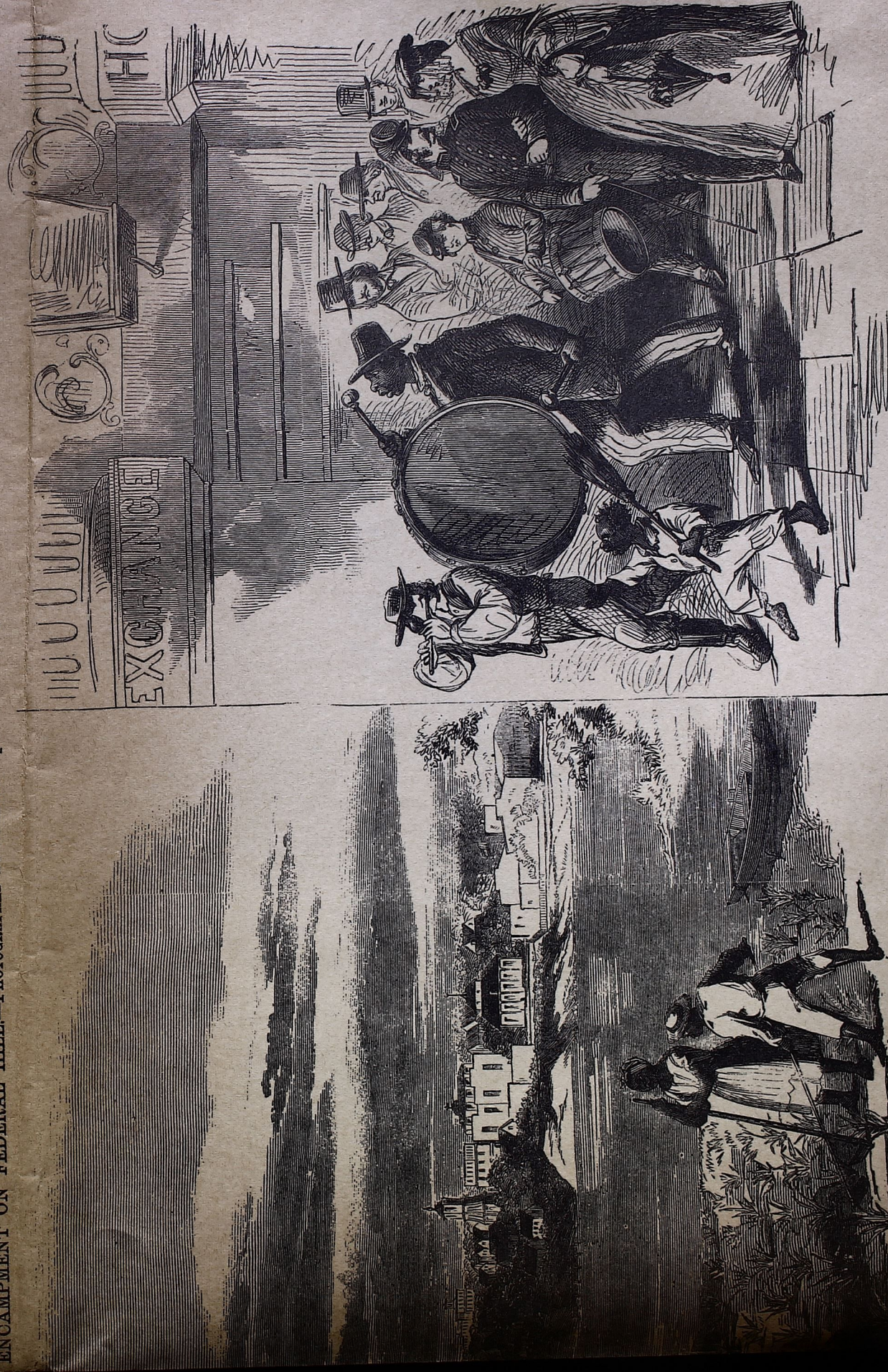
THE WHITE HOUSE AT MONTGOMERY—RENT \$5000 A YEAR.



CITY OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

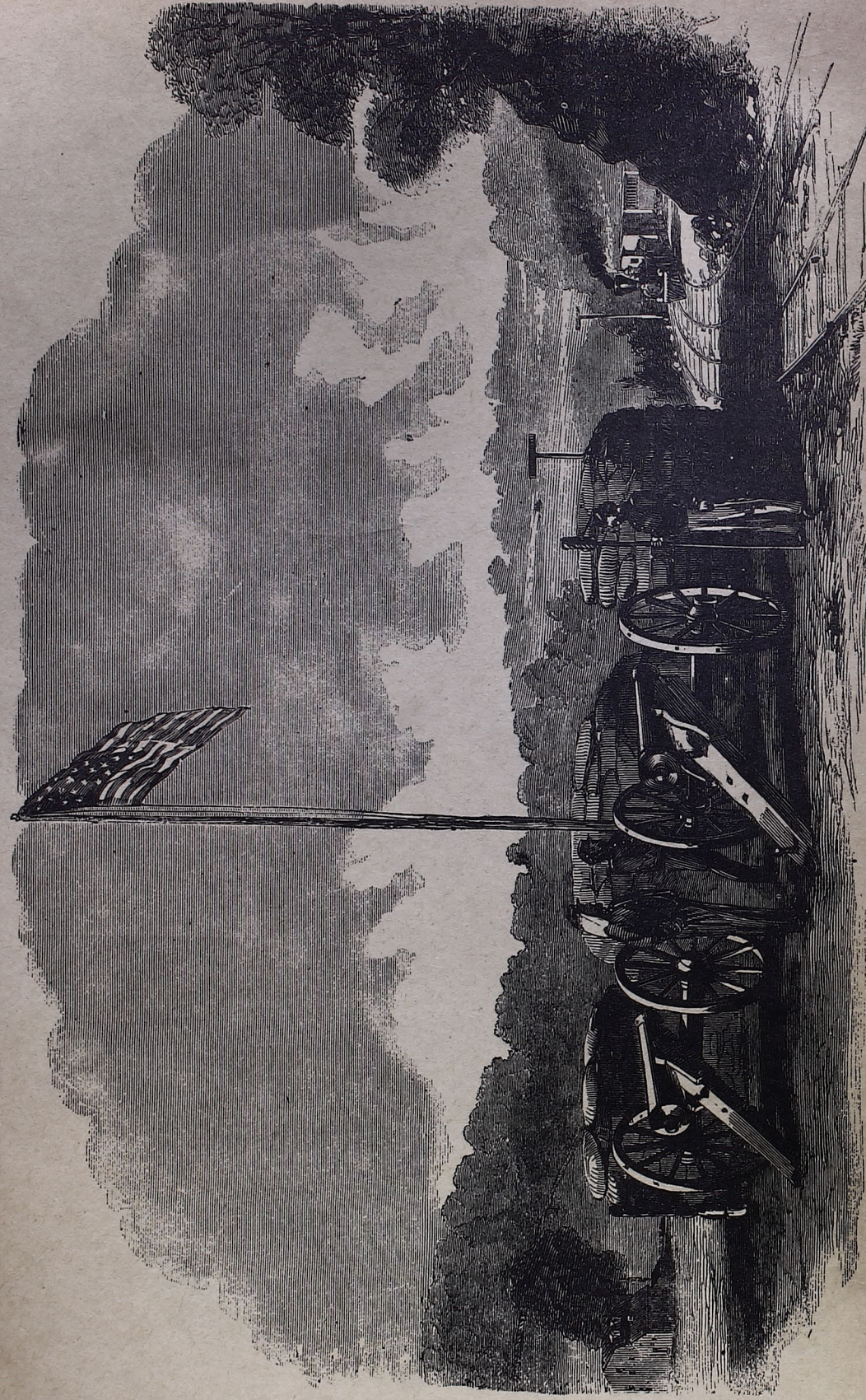


ENCAMPMENT ON FEDERAL HILL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.—[SEE PAGE 341.]



DRUMMING UP RECRUITS FOR THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

TRAVELING WITH W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.—[SEE PAGE 341.]



SAND-BAG BATTERY, COMMANDING THE ROAD TO HARPER'S FERRY, NEAR THE RELAY HOUSE—BUILT BY LIEUTENANT W. H. MCGARTNEY, BOSTON LIGHT ARTILLERY.  
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

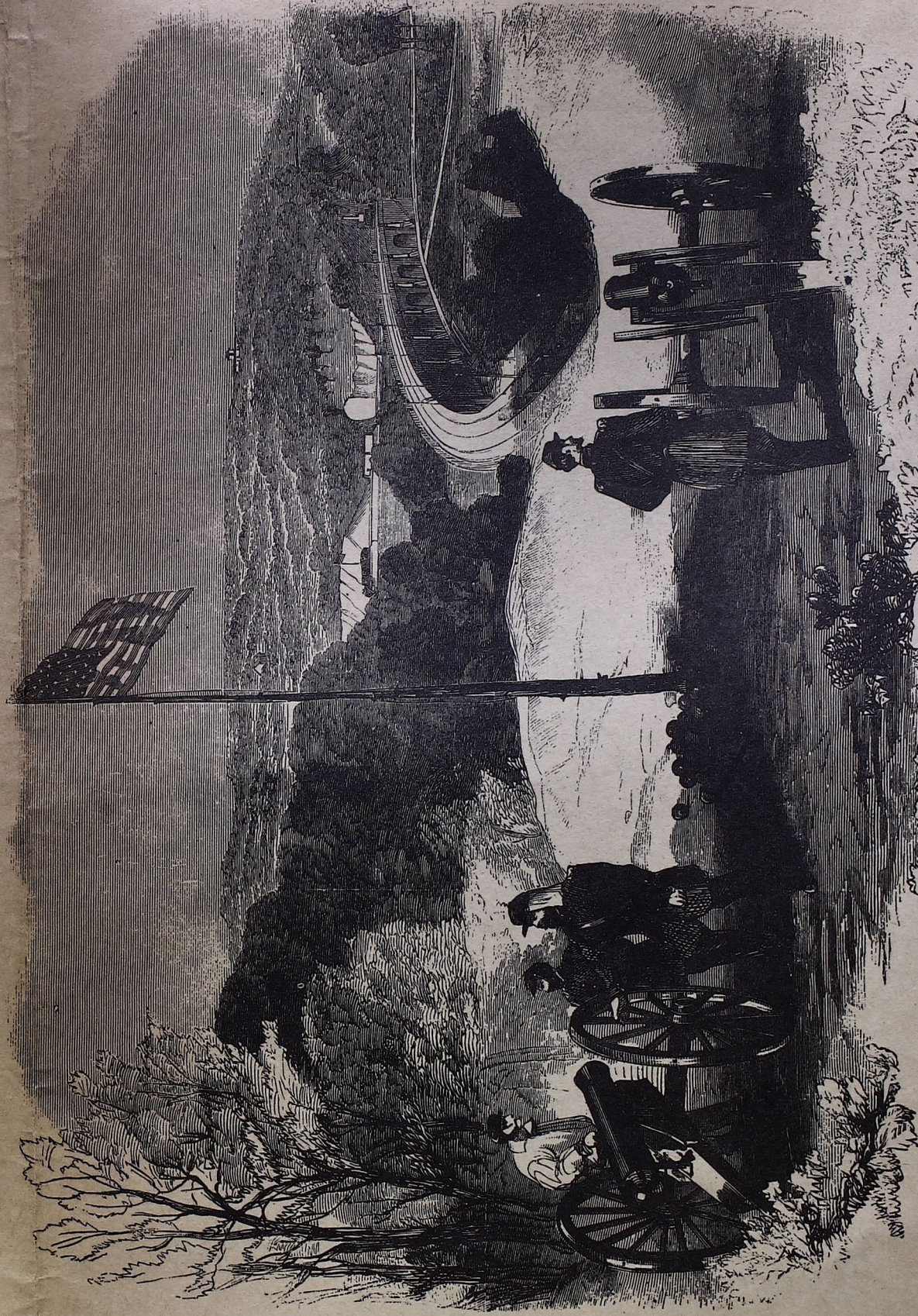
RELAY-HOUSE BATTERIES.

We publish herewith, from sketches by our spe-

cial artist, pictures of the BATTERIES ERRECTED ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD BY THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS. The occupation of

the Relay House, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was the condition precedent to the occupation of Baltimore.

These fortifications were erected, and are manned by the Massachusetts volunteer artillery—a gallant and useful body of men.



THE BOUQUET BATTERY, COMMANDING THE BRIDGE AT THE RELAY HOUSE, LIEUTENANT JOSIAH PORTER, BOSTON LIGHT ARTILLERY, COMMANDING.  
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

## OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

We publish on this page two more illustrations of our army at Washington—one representing the gallant Rhode Islanders "BUNKING" IN THE PATENT OFFICE, the other the QUARTERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH) REGIMENT IN the Georgetown College. Never since American inventive genius was first aroused did the Patent Office contain such remarkable models of American manufacture as those which now sleep three deep in "bunks" spread along the edge of the cabinets; and to those students of mechanism who have been wont to resort to the Patent Office to work out unfinished problems and bosh great inventions, the presence of the sturdy Rhode Islanders, and the stacks of eloquent muskets presenting a novel and a startling scene.

With regard to the Sixty-ninth the Washington *Republican* says: "We paid a visit to this regiment, who are quartered in Georgetown College, yesterday, and found the men all busy in the various duties pertaining to military life. They are all in fine spirits, and seem to enjoy the soldier's life amazingly, although many of them are getting impatient, and wish to be off to some fighting region. The grounds exhibit quite a busy scene, the men in companies and squads learning the use of their arms. Several companies were also in the distant portion of the grounds engaged in target firing, and exercising in loading and firing. The targets were generally brought in completely riddled, and the firing by company was executed with the greatest precision. Several officers of the army, lately graduated from West Point, are constantly employed in instructing the men in the use of their arms, which they are beginning to handle like regulars. The hours of drill are 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. for company, and at 4 o'clock the regimental review takes place. The officers of the Catholic Church near the college have placed it at the disposal of the regiment, and the chaplain, the Rev. Father Mooney, officiates before the regiment every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. The citizens of the neighborhood speak in the highest terms of the conduct of the men, and Colonel Corcoran may well be proud of the good name the regiment has earned. The New York *Times* correspondent writes of the 69th: "The parade of the 69th to-day was very fine. The regiment was very full, over one thousand men being in the ranks. Colonel Corcoran exercised his men in battalion drill, bayonet charges in double quick time, in hollow square, etc. Toward the close the music of a band was heard, and the gates being opened, the 5th Massachusetts Regiment marched in and saluted the drums bent to muster the men, and while the magnificent band which accompanies this regiment made the lofty hall ring with its enchanting music, the men, silently and with measured tread, formed on each side of the wide marble columns, near a temporary desk which was placed in the center of the hall. There were about 38 of them, among them Governor Sprague, a young man about 38 of 80 years, with a pale, delicate, but firm face. It was a solemn scene, as I closed my eyes for a moment and listened to the grand music that resounded through the large building, and the even tread of that large body of silent men on the marble floors of the wide hall. The sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Cadbury, of Rhode Island, was appropriate and very fine."

69th. After the usual courtesies the Massachusetts and New York regiments were brought in line on opposite sides of the square, and they cheered each other most lustily. It was an exciting scene to see the Puritan New Englanders and Catholic Irishmen thus fraternizing. After the drill the officers of the two regiments had a friendly glass of wine and a most cordial reunion.

"General Runyon and staff of the New Jersey Brigade, also visited the 69th, and partook of the hospitalities of Colonel Corcoran and Father Mooney. General Runyon, in response to a sentiment offered by Father Mooney, made an eloquent and patriotic address.

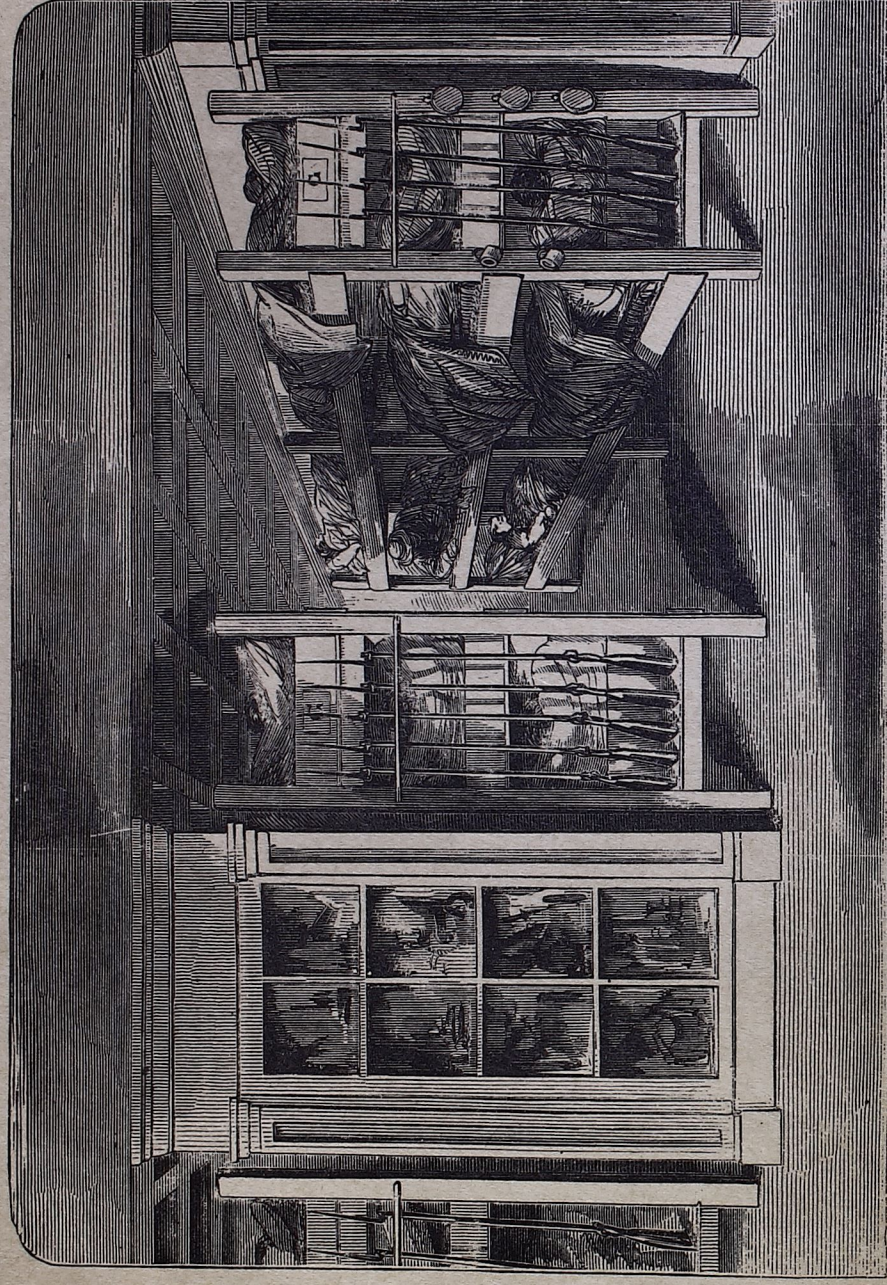
"It is a noticeable fact that the first interchange of military courtesies was between Colonel Vosburgh, of the American 71st, and Colonel Corcoran, of the Irish 69th. The common danger appears to have made native and foreigners common friends."

The same writer speaks of the Rhode Islanders:

"The Rhode Island Regiment is quartered at the Patent Office. They had the honor of being the first to be mustered into the service yesterday at 10 o'clock.

## SLEEPING-BUNKS OF THE FIRST RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT, AT THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

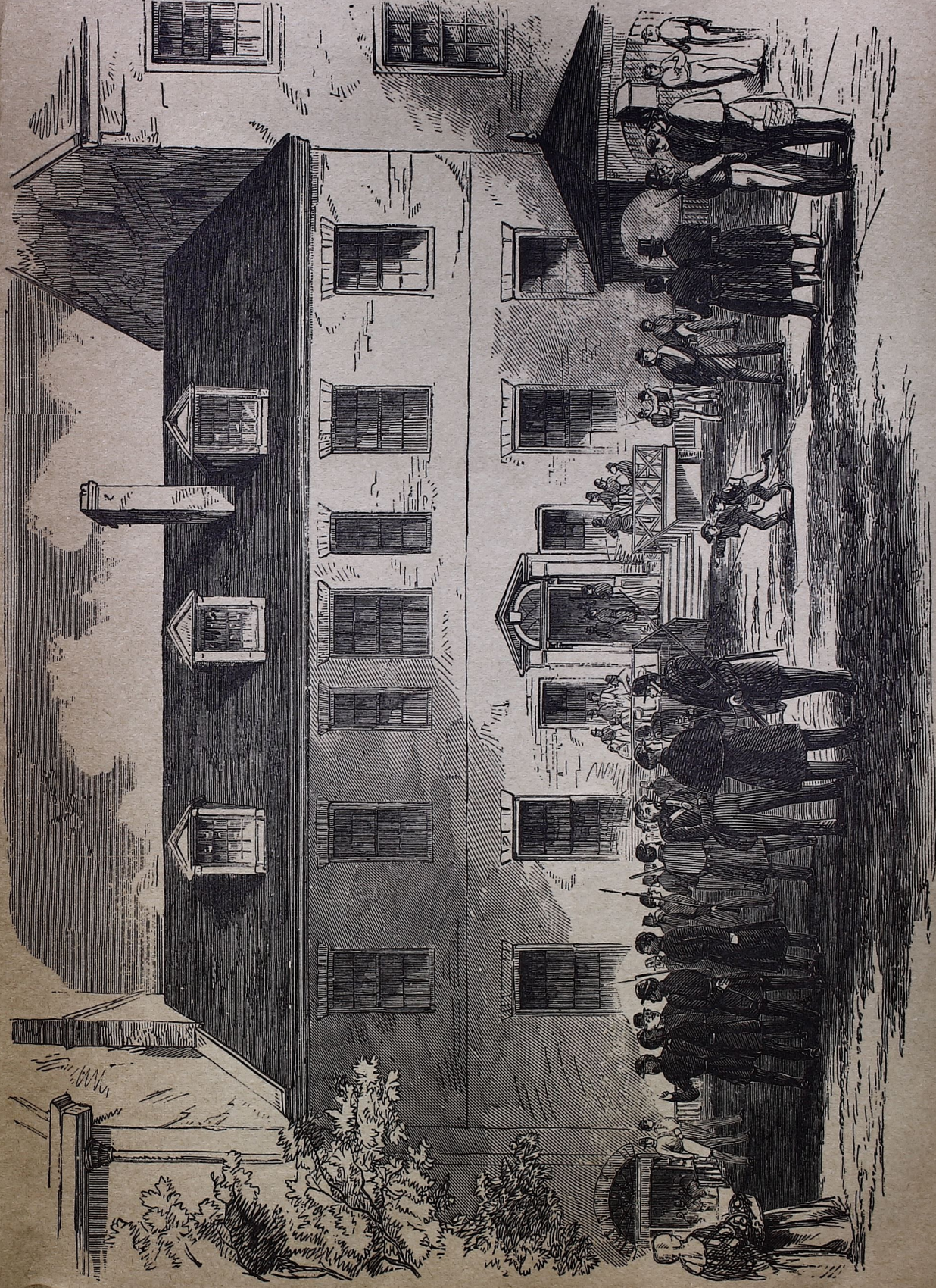
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



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QUARTERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH) REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



THE ARMORY AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

### OUR ARMY AT ALBANY.

THE accompanying illustrations will introduce the reader to the ALBANY ARMORY, the head-quarters of our State army in that section of the State. Here, since the President's proclamation, large bodies of men have been constantly engaged in closed drill, and here the Military Board concentrates its efforts in endeavoring to fit them out.

Our second picture represents the drumming out of two soldiers who refused to take the oath. They were stripped of their arms, a white feather stuck over each ear, and they were marched out of the Armory grounds with the drums playing the Rogue's March. Crowds of people assembled to see them undergo the degrading penance.

### TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I.

"Tis five years ago, I was playing  
At pool, as he doubled me in,  
I remember Fred Lushington saying,  
"Yes, nice little girl, but no fun."  
"Oh! such a sweet net was she spreading  
To catch me." He stroked his mustache  
"I'd have asked you to marry me,  
But I beat a retreat in quick march."  
"I'd no thought at her feelings of hurting,  
But the thing began to grow;  
It was down in the country, you know,"  
"So," said Frederick, "fearing extraction  
Of what this all meant by papa,  
I fled, leaving no ground for an action."  
And laughed, as he lit his cigar.

II.

Poor innocent fool! she is reading  
What he wrote in her album that day,  
The verse of a false-hearted pleading,  
Inscribed "To the bright eyes of May."  
She sees; the light low is burning—  
She walks to the window; no moon;  
All starless the dark night is turning,  
In silence, the point of its noon.  
Hark! listen! in sob of wild passion,  
Goes forth on the blackness her cry;  
Like rain drops, they heavily flash on  
The stream of the hour flowing by.  
Her dark hair all flowing around her,  
Her face hidden in her white hands,  
In a trance of dull sorrow, thus found her  
Dawn, wintery lighting the lands.

III.

Did she die? Not all; she has married  
Since then Sir Aconon de Vere,  
And the thrush of that sorrow has perished  
With a fool and ten thousand a year.  
I met her, as lovely as ever,  
"Tis what bring all this back, yesterday,  
Fred was there, looking out for the Trevor,  
He bowed, as he passed on his bay.  
And though in the bow that's called rotten,  
Such feelings, of course, have no place,  
I thought she had not quite forgotten,  
By the flush, as she moved, on her face,  
Lang Syne and the sketchings together,  
Beneath the cool rustle of leaves,  
Whence oft, in the rich autumn weather,  
They wandered away to the silences.



DRUMMING OUT ALBANY VOLUNTEERS WHO REFUSED TO TAKE THE OATH.—[FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.]

# THE FIGHT AT SAINT LOUIS.

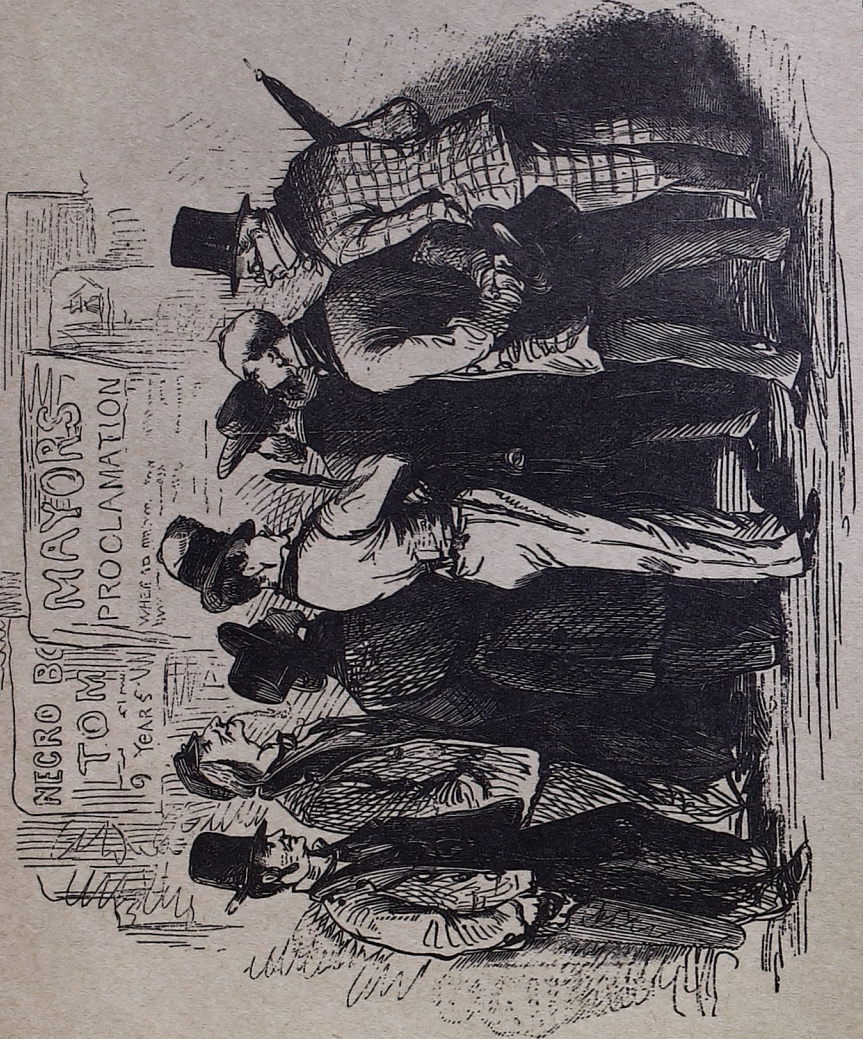
We mentioned in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* that a second encounter had taken place between the troops and the mob at St. Louis. We now publish two illustrations of the event, from sketches by Mr. M. Hastings, of St. Louis. The tragedy was thus described by a spectator:

"About six o'clock (on 11th) a large body of Home Guards entered the city through Fifth Street from the Arsenal where they had been enlisted during the day, and furnished with arms. On reaching Walnut Street the troops turned westward, a large crowd lining the pavement to witness their progress. At the corner of Fifth Street parties among the spectators began hooting, hissing, and otherwise abusing the companies as they passed, and a boy about fourteen years old discharged a pistol into their ranks. Part of the rear company immediately turned and fired upon the crowd, and the whole column was instantly in confusion, breaking their ranks and discharging their muskets down their own line and among the people on the sidewalks. The shower of balls for a few minutes was terrible, and bullets flying in every direction, entering the doors and windows of private residences, breaking shutters, and smashing bricks in the third story."

"The utmost confusion and consternation prevailed, spectators fleeing in all directions, and but for the random firing of the troops scores of people must have been killed. As most of the firing was directed down their own ranks the troops suffered most severely, four of their number being instantly killed and several wounded."

"Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence. The most intense indignation was expressed against the Germans. Mayor Taylor addressed the excited crowd and induced them to disperse under the promise that no further violence should be done. The city was comparatively quiet during the evening and night, a heavy rain preventing the assembling of large crowds."

The following account of the affair is from the *St. Louis Republic* of May 12: "Another act in the terrible drama of blood that opened so fearfully on Friday, was enacted last evening, and six more victims were added to the already sad list of dead. Two scenes of blood so close together, and so frightful in their results, have seldom before plunged a city into mourning. At about half past five o'clock



CORNER SCENE DURING THE EXCITEMENT AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY M. HASTINGS, Esq.]

in the evening a large body of the German Home Guards entered the city through Fifth Street from the arsenal, where they had been enlisted during the day and furnished with arms. Large crowds collected to witness their march, and they passed unmolested along until they reached Walnut, when they turned up that street and proceeded westward. Large crowds were collected on these corners, who hooted and hissed as the companies passed, and one man standing on the steps of the church fired a revolver into the ranks. A soldier fell dead, when two more shots were fired from the windows of a house near by. At this time the head of the column, which reached as far as Seventh, suddenly

turned, and, leveling their rifles, fired down the street, and promiscuously among the spectators who lined the pavement. Shooting as they did directly toward their own rear ranks, they killed some of their men as well as those composing the crowd. The shower of bullets was for a moment terrible, and the only wonder is that more lives were not lost. The missiles of lead entered the windows and perforated the doors of private residences, tearing the ceilings and throwing splinters in every direction. The house of Mr. Mathews was entered by three bullets, and Mr. Mathews's daughter was struck slightly by a spent ball. On the street the scene presented as the soldiers moved

off was sad indeed. Six men lay dead at different points, and several were wounded and shrieking with pain upon the pavements. The dead carts—which have become familiar vehicles since the scenes of the last two days—were soon engaged in removing the corpses from the ground. The wounded were carried to the Health Office. Four of the men killed were members of the regiment, and two were citizens. Last night the former had not been recognized. Jerry Switzian, an engineer on the river, was passing by the door of Mr. H. Glover's residence, on Seventh Street, next to Walnut, when a ball struck him in the head, and scattered his brains over the door and walls. A pool of blood marked the spot where he fell, after his body had been removed. Jeremiah Godfrey, a hired man of Mr. Cozzens, County Surveyor, was working in the yard of Mr. Cozzens at the time of the occurrence. While scooping over, in the act of fastening some flowers to a frame, three soldiers entered the gate, and approaching within the yard, fired three shots into his body. Fortunately, none of them were fatal, being all flesh wounds. The family witnessed the affair, and says that the man had not been out of the yard and was unaware of the approach of his assailants until stricken down by their bullets. Charles H. Woodward, a clerk in Pomeroy & Benton's store, was shot in the shoulder, and will have to have his entire arm amputated. He was carried into the residence of Mr. Mathews and kindly cared for. James F. Walsh, living at No. 139 Wash Street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, was shot through the foot. Michael Davy, residing between O'Fallen and Cass Avenues and Sixth and Seventh, received a ball through the ankle, and amputation will be necessary. John Nelus was wounded in the cheek. Several others were injured slightly. The houses on the right side of Walnut, from Fifth to Seventh, were considerably injured by bullets, and the inmates in several cases had very narrow escapes. At a late hour in the night the bodies of John Garin, whose brother keeps a livery-stable on Market Street, William Cody, a book-peddler, from New Orleans, and John Dick, a German soldier, were recognized among the dead. Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence, and the whole city presented a scene of excitement seldom witnessed. Mayor Taylor made an address to the people from the steps of the church on Fifth and Walnut streets."



UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS ATTACKED BY THE MOB, CORNER OF FIFTH AND WALNUT STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY M. HASTINGS, Esq.]









Saucy Brigade.

Illinois Forgers.

Ohio Regulars.

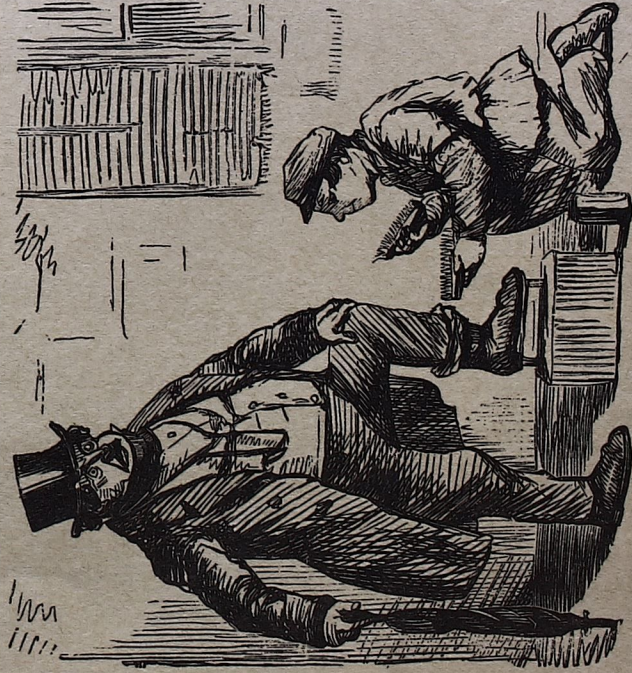
Astor House Light Corps.

First Butcher.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR OUR VOLUNTEERS ON THE MARCH SOUTHWARD.



UNCLE SAM. "Hallo there, you Rascal! where are you going with my Property, oh?"  
JEFF. DAVIS. "Oh, dear Uncle! ALL I WANT IS TO BE LET ALONE."



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

OLD GENT (with tender feet). "Now, Boy, be very careful!"  
Boy. "Oh, yes, your Honor! These 'ere knobs'll take a beautiful pol-  
ish!"



MAMMA (born North). "Dear! dear! dear!—What a pity it is  
you can't agree!"  
SMALL BOY (born South). "Well, Mamma, we should agree, only  
she's so unkind!—She won't be a Fig, and let me drive her about  
by the Leg!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our Commander-in-Chief—Get it!

The New and Authentic Life of  
LIEUT. GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT,  
(Beadle's Dime Biographical Library, No. 6).  
Fresh! Complete!! Authentic!!!  
118 pages, 12mo. with Maps. Price Ten Cents.  
For sale at all News Depots.

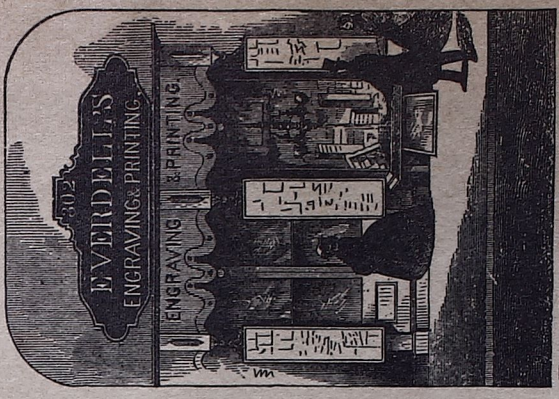
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from Poison)—(18 years established in N. Y.) de-  
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"Costar's" Electric Powder—(Free from  
Poison)—(18 years established in N. Y.) de-  
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ESTD \$1.11 BEWARE!!! of all imitations of "Costar's."  
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drawings of different styles of Shirts, sent free everywhere.  
S. W. H. WARD, from London,  
No. 387 Broadway, N. Y., up Stairs.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT  
WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES!—My Ombient will  
force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smooth-  
est face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1.—  
sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an or-  
der.  
R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.



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Established 1840. Specimens of Wedding Cards and  
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English Wedding Cards, Business Cards with presses, fine Sil-  
ver Door Plates, Nos., &c.

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